And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstayn'd wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liu'st,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy best Robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolue, ile send a *Frier* with spe
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lo
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and str
Farewell deare Father.
Enter Father Capulet, Mother
attendants, two or thr
Ca. So many guests inuite as here a
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie cunning C
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, so
their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke th
fingers: therefore he that cannot licke
me.
Ca. Goe be gone, we shall be much
what is my daughter gone to *Frier La*
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to doe so
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where she comes from sh
Ca. How now my head-strong, wh
ding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt to repent
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enio
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate her
To begge your pardon, pardon I beseec
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you,
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *La*
And gaue him what becommed loue I
Not stepping ore the bounds of mode
Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is wel
This is as't should be, let me see the C
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch him hithe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)